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SOME OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS BOOKS

(Continued from page 123)

(10) Anthropology and History. William McDougall. 25 pages (1920).

This pamphlet gives the twenty-second Robert Boyle lecture, delivered before the Oxford University Junior Scientific Club on June 9, 1920. The purpose of the pamphlet is well represented in the author's summing up (25):

If, then, any of you here are, or desire to become, historians, I beseech you that, while you are still young, you shall make yourselves competent at least to appreciate and evaluate the main results of anthropological research.

The main body of the lecture consists of illustrations of the wrong way in which to bring anthropology into the service of history, and of the right way to accomplish this important task.

On page 21 the author insists that anthropology can not only "assist in the solution of historical problems, but also demands a determining voice in many of the most urgent questions of statesmanship; because History alone, without the aid of Anthropology, cannot afford the much-needed guidance". This point is elaborated in a very interesting way on pages 21-24.

(11) *Ille Ego*: Virgil and Professor Richmond, J. S. Phillimore. Pp. 24. (1920).

In his Inaugural Address to the Humanity Class at Edinburgh (1919), Professor Richmond discussed the Classics and the Scientific Mind. Professor Richmond evidently sought, first, to show how defective many other classical scholars are in method in their study of the Classics, and then to provide an example of the right sort of method for such study. He took as his text the discussion of the question which I used to love to set before my Proseminar students, How did the Aeneid Commence? Most of us would say, without reflection, that it began with *Arma virumque cano*. But, of course, when we stop to think, we remember that we have seen prefixed to these familiar words four verses, beginning with the words, *Ille ego*, and ending with *at nunc horrentia Martis*. Every teacher of Vergil ought to be familiar with the masterly discussion of these verses by James Henry, in his elaborate work entitled *Aeneidea*, or Critical, Exegetical, and Aesthetical Remarks on the Aeneis (see 1.1-118). Consideration of the authenticity of these verses involves an examination of problems of all sorts—textual, linguistic, and aesthetic. I have not seen Professor Richmond's discussion itself. But Professor Phillimore quotes extensively from it, and, I assume, correctly. I do not wish to take the edge off his discussion by quoting from it. I would rather have every reader go to the original pamphlet. In my judgment, Professor

Phillimore has much the better of the argument. My own opinion has been for a long time that Vergil wrote these verses, and that his literary executors, Lucius Varius and Plotius Tucca, did well—aesthetically—in removing them from the text. But Professor Phillimore has not made as much of one point as he might have made. If we accept the ancient tradition, preserved for us in the Donatus (Suetonius) Life of Vergil, we see that the *official* edition of the Aeneid—the edition which, from the time of Augustus onward, obtained in court circles, and in the Schools—did not contain the four verses in question. Professor Phillimore reminds us of this, and emphasizes, rightly, the effect that the study of the Aeneid in the Schools, with *Arma virumque cano* as its opening words, would naturally have upon everyone. In this way, he offsets the argument drawn by Professor Richmond, as by many others before him, to the effect that the poem began with *Arma virumque cano*, from the fact that references to the Aeneid so often describe the poem in terms of the expression *Arma virumque cano*, precisely as to-day a certain hymn is described by the words "A charge to keep I have", and another hymn by the words "Onward, Christian soldiers". The point which, in my opinion, Professor Phillimore does not emphasize as much as he might is this—the very fact that, in spite of the existence of this imperial-official-School version of the Aeneid, there persisted a tradition that the poem had begun in a different way, lends extraordinary value to that tradition.

To one other point I would call attention. Professor Richmond had evidently found fault with the Latinity of the four verses, *Ille ego*, etc., as un-Augustan. This point Professor Phillimore discusses, on pages 14-18. In this discussion he declares that he has "stuck strictly to the points impugned by Mr. R.; others are abundantly illustrated by Henry. What is left standing of the assertion that the four verses are 'certainly not Virgilian in diction'?"

One point in which the Latinity of these four verses has been challenged as un-Vergilian, or un-Augustan, is the construction involved in the words *coegi ut. . . parerent arva colono. . .* (not discussed by Mr. Richmond and so not considered by Professor Phillimore). This construction occurs once in Caesar, *De Bello Gallico* 1.6.3 *Allobrogibus sese vel persuasuros. . . existimabant, vel coacturos ut per suos fines eos ire paterentur*. Meusel, in his revision of the commentary by Fr. Kraner and W. Dittenberger (the seventeenth version of this edition: Berlin, Weidmann, 1913), makes no comment at all on the use of *ut* here with the subjunctive as dependent on a form of *cogo*. It occurs to me that possibly Caesar may have been led to this

usage in part by the influence of *persuasuros*—though that word is some distance away from *ut*. . . *paterentur*. Frequently, of course, in matters of syntax we have to reckon with the influence of an expression just used and still lingering in the author's mind, or with one that is already in his mind, though it has not yet been formulated. It is in this way that I should explain a passage that has given a good deal of trouble, De Bello Gallico 1.3.8. . . *regno occupato per tres potentissimos ac firmissimos populos totius Galliae sese potiri posse sperant*. I am thinking, of course, of the words *totius Galliae*. One manuscript actually shows *imperio* after *potiri*. By emendation also, in modern times, the word *imperio* has been inserted after *Galliae*. I should, however, myself insert nothing, for I believe that the genitive in *totius Galliae* is due far more to the influence of *per tres potentissimos ac firmissimos populos*, already uttered, than to the influence of the coming *potiri*. I need not prove how frequently a genitive depends on a superlative. Only a few lines above Caesar had written. . . *non esse dubium quin totius Galliae plurimum Helvetii possent*. . .

So, then, I should not find in Caesar, De Bello Gallico 1.6.7 any real evidence that in Augustan Latin *cogo ut* was possible. However, I find such evidence easily enough in Horace; compare Epp. 1.2.10–11 *Quid Paris? ut salvus regnet vivatque beatus cogi posse negat*. So good an editor as A. S. Wilkins (Macmillan, 1892) makes no comment on the combination *cogo ut*. In Horace, Epp. 1.9.2–3 we have *nam cum rogat et prece cogit scilicet ut tibi se laudare et tradere coner*, we have to reckon with the influence of *rogat*. But the construction was not confined to the verses of the poets. Compare Cicero, De Oratore 3.9 *Tenemus enim memoria Q. Catulum, virum omni laude praestantem, cum sibi non incolumem fortunam, sed exilium et fugam deprecaretur* <'was earnestly praying for'>, *esse coactum ut vita se ipse privaret*. In Cicero, Academica 2.8, we read. . . *nec ut omnia quae praescripta a quibusdam et quasi imperata sint defendamus necessitate ulla cogimur*. So fine an editor as Professor J. S. Reid, prince of Ciceronian scholars, makes no comment at all on the *ut*-clause. At least two excellent editors, authors of minute commentaries, pass without note Cicero, Tusculan Disputations 1.16 *Haec enim spinosiora prius ut confitear me cogunt quam ut assentiar*.

It is rather dangerous to say that this or that construction does not occur at all in Latin, or that it does not occur within a given period.

(To be concluded)

CHARLES KNAPP

THREE ANCIENT AUTOBIOGRAPHIES¹

Biography is to us of modern times one of the most interesting kinds of reading. It is not easy to realize that there have been periods—and periods of great literary culture and productiveness—when biography,

like those other favorite forms, the novel and the essay, was non-existent. These three kinds of writing—the novel, the essay, the life—we feel to be essentially prose forms, and as such they would naturally not make their appearance until prose-writing had attained a reasonable degree of development. As a matter of fact, however, there seems to be no compelling reason why any of them should be exclusively confined to prose, and the literary historian could find their germs in the early poetic literature, as he could point out abundant examples of all of them composed in verse at later times, when verse had ceased to be the natural and obvious mode of literary expression. But even after the precedent of the prose form had been set, neither life, nor essay, nor romance was cultivated and favored in ancient times as in modern. It is curious that Xenophon, that second-rate writer who is the chief representative of the Greek literature to many of our students, but who irritates the more mature scholar by his manifest intellectual and artistic deficiencies, should have been in some sense the originator of all these three forms. At any rate, the Agesilaus—if it is really Xenophon's, and if it was not preceded by the Evagoras of Isocrates—is the first surviving ancient biography; the Cyropaedia is the first historical novel; and the minor essays on horsemanship, hunting, etc., are innovations in their kind.

Perhaps the same tendency which made the characters of the Greek drama types rather than individualities operated to prevent the development of biography upon any large scale. The Greeks viewed the world objectively rather than subjectively; they looked for the general rather than for the particular; their genius found its expression in construction and not in criticism. We must not assume that they were indifferent to the interest of individual character and idiosyncrasy, any more than we should assume that they were indifferent to the beauties of natural scenery because they say so little about them. Plato has characters as delightfully and powerfully drawn as those of Shakespeare. In general, the Greeks took personal characteristics for granted, as they took the beauty of nature for granted, and said little about either. A touch-and-go characterization of a man seemed sufficient, or his personality might well be left to be inferred from his acts or from his words.

Another reason which may have helped to discourage biographical writing was the fact that no adequate place was found for it in the scheme of literary forms. Of course it might be more judicious to say that no place was found for it because it had not yet forced itself into notice, for classification and precept are based upon existing phenomena rather than the reverse. Nevertheless they have a powerful effect upon production. Professor Saintsbury, in his History of Criticism, has some hard words to say in regard to servile attention to the "Kinds". In the case of Greek literature and thought, however, the first characteristic of which is to be clear-cut, the strict classification and delimitation doubtless served a valuable purpose. Poetry was either epic, lyric, or dramatic;

¹This paper was read at the Fifth Annual Fall Meeting of The Classical Association of the Atlantic States, at Bethlehem, December 1, 1923.

prose was historical, philosophic, or oratorical. Each writer, as a rule, aspired to write in only one form; and the fact that Xenophon violated this rule, and essayed to write in all the forms of prose, as well as to produce some pieces that are nondescript, is quite in keeping with his second-rate (or third-rate) genius. Still, he casts his attempt at romance-writing in the *Cyropaedia* in the form of history.

If we care for the forms rather than for formlessness, the classification of biography may well give us pause. I suppose that the answer of a modern would be, if the question were forced upon his attention, that on the whole it is best regarded as a subdivision of history. So in the Dewey decimal classification in use in many of our libraries Biography is 920 under the 900 division of History and Geography. But the group is so large and so heterogeneous that provision is also made for a separate location if desired, not included in the decimal system at all. The lives of monarchs, of statesmen, of military men are closely involved with the history of their times; the author, the artist, the inventor may be noticed by history more broadly written; but the prime interest of these and many other lives is not really historical at all.

However this may be, the classification of the ancients, when the question did arise, was quite different, and shows in itself that biography was not yet fully developed. They placed it under oratory, and supposed it to take the form of an encomium or *ἐπαινος*, or (much more rarely, of course) of a *ψόγος* or censure. The literary form and development of the encomium and of its opposite, the denunciation, would be the same. A brief treatment of this view, with abundant citations from the ancient rhetoricians, may be conveniently found in Gudeman's Introduction to the *Agricola* of Tacitus. The type was the *βασιλικὸς λόγος*, or oration in honor of a deceased king. Such are actually the two earliest biographies, Xenophon's *Agésilas* and the *Evagoras* of Isocrates. It is evident that, while such an encomium may have value as historical material, it will most likely be lacking in the historical requisites of candor, accuracy, and completeness. Discreditable matters will be omitted, or, if sufficiently well known to require reference, will be glossed over; prosaic details, dates, domestic relations, and the like, with which history and our natural gossiping curiosity are so eagerly concerned, will be disregarded. One division of the encomium, as laid down by the rhetoricians, is singularly characteristic of oratory: the *σύγκρισις*, or comparison with other heroes of like type. Plutarch has made full use of this in his *Parallel Lives*.

Autobiography is, of course, to use scientific terminology, hardly so much as a species of biography; a priori, it is scarcely a variety. What difference need it make who writes the life-story?—except that the autobiographer would naturally possess fuller information. Yet there may be, and there usually is, a very marked difference between biography written by the subject and that written by another person. The autobiographer possesses fuller information than any other person can possibly have; but the chances are

that he will not use this information to the full. A self-written biography may not be so openly an encomium as one written by another person, but it is far more likely to degenerate into a mere apology. Few there are who will have nothing to cover up, to color, or to extenuate. The statement of facts may be more complete and accurate; but, even with candor and good-will, a man's judgment of himself will be biased and untrustworthy. And there will usually be that tendency to idealize which Goethe frankly recognized when he named his recollections *Dichtung und Wahrheit*, with *Dichtung* in first place. Such an idealized life-story may be far more interesting and even instructive than a more accurate statement of facts or a more impartial estimate of character; but its imaginative or romantic tendency allows it only a precarious title to be included under our modern historical conception of biography.

In the first chapter of the *Agricola*, Tacitus speaks of both biography and autobiography as common anciently and in his own time. He mentions particularly the autobiographies of P. Rutilius Rufus and M. Aemilius Scaurus. The surviving fragments of these and of various others may be found in Peter's *Historicorum Romanorum Fragmenta*. They are very meager; but the indications are that, like Caesar's *Commentaries* or Cicero's much-ridiculed poem on his own consulship, they were written with a tendency—to defend or to magnify the actions, sometimes questionable, of a political career.

It is not my purpose in this paper to investigate the development of biographical or autobiographical writing among the Greeks and the Romans, but rather to notice those few autobiographies which have survived to us, and which are of sufficient amplitude to constitute separate volumes. Autobiographical details may be found in many authors. The Homeric epic is wholly objective and impersonal; but with the birth of lyric poetry the urge for self-expression found scope. Archilochus and Sappho reveal their personalities, and give us some details of their lives. Demosthenes, when the credit of his whole life-work was at stake, constructed that magnificent and impassioned defence which is regarded as the masterpiece of oratory. Even the taciturn and objective Thucydides gives us some account of himself when the course of his history seems to demand it. Lucian, in his *Somnium*, and in other works, has given us interesting episodes from his own life. Bede, the English Church-historian, adds at the end of his *History* a brief account of himself and his works, somewhat in the manner of the *Vita* appended to a German doctoral dissertation. But all these are incidental. So far as I have been able to recall, there are only three regular works of the kind preserved to us—and none of them from the classical period.

The Jewish historian Josephus, or Flavius Josephus, as he was called after he had received Roman citizenship, was born, doubtless in Jerusalem, in the first year of Gaius Caligula, A. D. 37–38. He was of priestly, and even, he tells us, of royal stock. His youthful proficiency and devotion to learning were so

great that, when he was no more than fourteen years of age, the high priests and leading men of the city resorted to him to consult him on difficult points of the Jewish law. This reminds us of St. Luke's account of the child Jesus with the doctors in the Temple. At the age of sixteen he began to make trial successively of the three great Jewish sects, Pharisees, Sadducees, and Essenes. Of the last-named he had an ample experience in a three years' hermit's life in the desert; but, when he returned from this course of asceticism, he finally chose the somewhat milder discipline of the Pharisees, which, he tells his Greek and Roman readers, is similar to that of their own sect of the Stoics.

At the age of twenty-six (A. D. 64) he went to Rome on some sort of mission, had the fortune to be introduced to Poppaea, the wife of Nero, and was able to ingratiate himself into her favor. How long he remained in Rome he does not state exactly, but it is probable that one of his keen intelligence and inquiring disposition would not only instruct himself in some measure in the language and institutions of the Romans, but would acquire a far juster idea than most of his countrymen of the overwhelming power of Rome, and the futility of resistance by a small, weak, and disorganized State like Judaea.

On his return to Palestine he found his country seething with that spirit of unrest and revolt which culminated in the fatal Jewish War. His voice was raised, mildly and without noticeable effect, for moderation; but, after the defeat of Cestius Gallus by the Jews in the year 66, he allowed himself to be swept along by the current. Sent into Galilee by the authorities at Jerusalem with two colleagues to take charge of affairs in that turbulent region, he soon managed to rid himself of his associates, and continued there, facing manifold opposition and danger, even after an order had been issued by the central government for his recall. When Vespasian was sent by Nero against the Jews in 67, and began his operations in Galilee, Josephus was shut up in the fortress of Jotapata, endured a siege of forty-seven days, and was finally taken, with the town, by the Romans. The other captives, except women and children, were put to the sword; Josephus requested a private interview of Vespasian and Titus, and, being brought into their presence, boldly assumed the rôle of a Hebrew prophet, and predicted their speedy succession to the then reigning Nero. He was treated by them with consideration, and afterwards with favor, remained with Titus throughout the siege, and, having done his bit in the hopeless effort to achieve Jewish independence, was free to exhort his countrymen, from below the walls, to submit to the irresistible might of the Romans. He returned to Rome with Titus, and received from Vespasian, now Emperor, Roman citizenship, a pension, gifts of lands, and a residence in Vespasian's own former home. There he remained apparently for the rest of his days, composing those works in which he might justify the ways of God, assert the past glories of the fallen Jewish nation, magnify the triumphant Romans, and incidentally vindicate himself.

His genuine works are four in number. He first, as was natural, composed the history of the Jewish War, starting rather far back with the period of the Maccabees, and coming down two or three years after the fall of Jerusalem in 70. His thoughts then turned to the more creditable earlier history of his people, and he wrote the *Antiquities of the Jews*, his longest and best-known work, in which he traces the history and the institutions of the Hebrews from the Creation to the outbreak of the Jewish War. This work was completed, he tells us, in the thirteenth year of Domitian (93-94), and the fifty-sixth of his own age. To it is added, as a sort of appendix, but in a separate volume, the *Life* which is our immediate object of interest. Finally, he composed a polemical treatise against Apion of Alexandria, vigorously defending the antiquity and the institutions of the Jewish people.

The *Life* occupies in the Teubner text-edition 73 pages. Of these less than five are devoted to the period before he was sent into Galilee. Three pages at the end are given to a summary account of himself after his capture by the Romans. The remainder, 65 pages, or 89 per cent. of the whole, is taken up with an elaborate and complicated account of his proceedings during the six months or so in which he was in command in Galilee before he was shut up in Jotapata. The disproportion is very marked. It is in part accounted for by the fact that he had given a detailed narrative of the siege of Jerusalem and the reduction of Palestine, with his own part in these events, in his *Jewish War*. But the same work contains a sufficiently full account of his proceedings in Galilee. The real reason for dwelling so elaborately upon the details of these few months, as well as for the composition of the *Life* in general, appears toward the end. Justus of Tiberias, one of the wicked Galilaeans who had opposed Josephus (all who opposed Josephus were wicked men), had written a Jewish history which attributed to him a greater degree of responsibility for the revolt than Josephus himself was willing to admit—greater, probably, than was really justified. This work of Justus has unfortunately perished, though Photius read it in the ninth century. Josephus tells us that it had lain unpublished for twenty years, and now, in the early nineties, its appearance might have seriously compromised him in the eyes of the Romans, if anybody retained an interest in such remote events. His special protectors, Vespasian and Titus, were dead; Domitian was friendly to him, but who could tell what might happen under a Domitian? So Josephus flew to his own rescue, and the *Life* is primarily a vindication, against his old enemy Justus, of his acts in Galilee.

For almost all the facts given above Josephus himself is our sole authority. We are indebted to him almost alone for our knowledge of the final overthrow of the Jewish nation. Tacitus had just reached this interesting and important period when the extant portion of his *Histories* ends. Yet it may be safely said that Tacitus neither could nor would have given an account in any way so satisfactory as that of Josephus. Nevertheless it is manifest that the Jewish

historian is not over-scrupulous in regard to the truth. Whenever the credit of his nation or of himself is in question, we may suspect that he has colored the facts, or worse. The account of his administration in Galilee given in the *Life* differs from that in the *Jewish War* to a degree that cannot be wholly excused by the lapse of twenty years between the two works. For a certain exaggeration in regard to the past glories of his race something may be forgiven the historian on the ground of his genuine enthusiasm and patriotism; but he was under the necessity of reconciling these feelings with a cordial submission to the triumph of the conquering Romans; and in consequence he has probably represented the state of affairs in Judea and Galilee at the time of the outbreak as much worse than it really was. It was a time of seething confusion and almost anarchy; but we may suspect that the wild, irrational, fanatic patriot was not so often merely a bad man and a robber as he is here represented. Withal, Josephus's inordinate vanity has led him to magnify his own exploits and achievements, and to blacken the character of all his opponents. The vanity is the vanity of a successful man of affairs whose success has been embittered by fierce opposition, by disappointment, and by the consciousness of deeds not rightly done. It may seem strange to call a minor participant in a lost cause a successful man; but it is one of the most striking characteristics of Josephus that, however affairs might turn, he personally always fell on his feet. No better instance of this is to be found than his escape after the fall of Jotapata. He admits that he would have sought his own safety by abandoning the town and his comrades before the capture, if he had not been thwarted in the attempt. Now the town was taken, and the inhabitants mostly put to the sword; Josephus was one of forty who had concealed themselves in an underground cavern. Their hiding-place was betrayed, and their capture or suffocation seemed certain. Josephus was willing to take his chances with the enemy by surrendering himself; but his companions would not permit him to do so. Finally he proposed that they should not commit the impious crime of self-destruction, but rather kill each other by lot; the one who drew the first number was to be killed by the second, he in turn by the third, and so on. The victims patiently submitted, one after another, until only two were left alive. One of these, of course, by good fortune, by art, or, as he himself suggests, by the providence of God, was Josephus; he did not take the last chance, but persuaded his companion to live, and went forth to win the friendship of Vespasian and Titus.

A strange story, if true!—and in any case it illustrates the character and the mental attitude of the narrator. Josephus's religious feelings were not very profound or very elevated, but, so far as they went, they were genuine. God vindicates the righteous—that is to say, the man who is not so very bad—and looks with favor upon him who has the skill to help himself. He punishes the wicked, and particularly those who have the folly to oppose the dominant power. He

favors and blesses Israel so long as Israel keeps in the right way; he suffers the nation to fall when it adopts a course of political madness. The attitude is far more worldly than that of the prophets; but it would commend itself to the conquerors.

It was for these, not for his own people, that Josephus wrote his works. He desired to create a favorable interest in the history, the institutions, and the religion of the Jews. In order to do this, he not only wrote in Greek, and assimilated the barbarous proper names to the nature of the Greek language, but presented institutions and modes of thought in a manner to be more easily comprehended by Greeks and Romans. His mastery of Greek is rather remarkable. In his last work against Apion he tells us that (at least for the Jewish War) he had assistance in polishing his Greek composition, and it may be that to these secretaries are due the differences of style which have been noticed in his works, and which afford an interesting subject for investigation. If he finally learned to write the Greek as it stands in his later works, his achievement is comparable to that of Ammianus Marcellinus, the Syrian Greek soldier who wrote in Latin the history of the Roman Empire from Nerva to Valens.

To find our next autobiography, we must pass from Palestine to Syria, from the first century to the fourth, from Judaism overthrown to perishing Paganism. Libanius, the 'Sophist' or Orator, was born in Antioch in the year 314, studied for some years in Athens, taught at Constantinople, Nicaea, and Nicomedia, but finally, at the age of thirty-nine, returned to his native city, where he spent the forty remaining years of his life. His literary activity was enormous; he is one of the most voluminous writers of antiquity. Besides what may have been lost, we still have from his pen 64 orations, 51 declamations, 141 other rhetorical compositions, arguments to most of the speeches of Demosthenes, and 1,607 letters.

The life of a teacher and literary man is usually uneventful; but the social position, the professional success, and the personal ambition and restless activity of Libanius brought him into relation with many of the prominent public characters and some of the historical events of his day. He was a child of his age; and in that age of despotism nothing could have fitted him better for success than exactly the talent which he possessed—a talent for showy, curious, artificial, superficial oratory, capable of descending to somewhat fulsome laudation of those in power, but at the same time inspired by a genuine enthusiasm, and animated by a spirit of justice and humanity greater than is to be found in most subjects of the Roman Empire. He won the favor of more than one Emperor, particularly of Julian, whose admiration of him seems to have been as great and genuine as his own devotion to the Caesar who was himself a philosopher, a sophist, and the restorer for a brief moment of the pagan religion.

It is difficult for us to understand the enthusiasm for oratory which prevailed in those centuries of the Roman Empire—an enthusiasm increasing in proportion as the field for the employment of oratory was narrowed

A speaker could no longer have influence upon the policies of government; he was not free even to discuss them. He could no longer address a legislative body, or even a large popular jury in the law-courts; and his appeals to a Roman governor or judge would of necessity be tempered with the utmost caution if not servility. It might be safe to compose orations for Ajax and Odysseus disputing over the arms of Achilles, and there are many surviving of that class. But, if a speaker had a living interest in current affairs, he was almost inevitably driven into the epideictic style of oratory, and what he lost in force and feeling, he would naturally endeavor to compensate by artificial graces of style. Yet by all accounts a speech of Libanius or many another of these later rhetoricians, which to us seems frigid enough, would often arouse a wilder enthusiasm and applause than the greatest efforts of Cicero or Demosthenes. But human enthusiasm must have an outlet; and the men of that day had little to admire. At the same time that the field of oratory was narrowed, the creative power which produces poetry and great literature in other kinds was almost dead. Study of the ancients was neither very common nor profound, but men recognized the hopelessness of trying to rival them. And so Libanius had only men of his own kind to compete with; and his triumph over them seems to have been signal and complete.

It was natural that many of his friends and admirers, viewing his long career of almost uninterrupted success, should regard him as the most fortunate of men; while others, impressed rather by his toils and sufferings, should commiserate him as singularly unhappy. He had indeed had his share of misfortune. Besides the losses of relatives and dear friends which come inevitably to men of any advanced age, besides the consuming labors, by day and by night, which were the price paid for his success, he suffered from early youth with headaches which not infrequently incapacitated him, and sometimes made him fear the loss of his reason. He met with accidents, none of which, however, had very serious consequences. He incurred the jealousy and active hostility of his fellow-craftsmen and even of more powerful persons. Thrice was he brought into court on a charge of using magical arts; and, when he left Constantinople, his departure was accelerated by the orders of a judge who did not choose to render a decision on the charge brought against him.

It was from this point of view that Libanius, in his old age, composed the oration which stands first in the editions, and is entitled *Life, or On His Fortune*. That it is an oration, we are occasionally reminded by the address 'Gentlemen'. It is difficult reading. Crabbedness of style, in those authors who are addicted to it, naturally increases with old age; and a composition prompted largely by vanity could hardly warm the mind to that easy flow of thought and language which attends deep feeling or earnest advocacy of a noble cause. Nevertheless it has its interest for one who has the patience to unravel the obscure and allusive sentences. The details of the life of the man are re-

vealed to us as they are not in the case of Josephus. There are pictures of the great cities of the East—Athens, Nicomedia, Constantinople, Antioch. Emperors and Roman governors come and go; Libanius knew many of them. But, through all, the central thread is never lost; Libanius's thesis is that he is neither the happiest nor the most unhappy of men. To prove this thesis he professes to review all the events of his life which could have any significance. His review is no doubt colored by his egotism; he may or may not have concealed some discreditable things, but it is no part of his purpose to conceal his troubles and misfortunes. Probably he belittles his rivals; possibly the rebuke he administered by his failure to call upon certain Roman governors of whom he disapproved was not quite so crushing as he thought; but his success is attested not only by the preservation of his voluminous works, but by the witness of the Emperor Julian. Strangely enough, the great Chrysostom, most eloquent of the Church Fathers, was his pupil, and the pagan training, which had ceased to have any adequate subject-matter to exert itself upon, found in him an outlet where earnestness and warmth of feeling could be added to force and beauty of expression.

When the life of Libanius was just half over, there was born, almost at the other extremity of the Roman Empire, the future bishop, doctor, and saint who is the last in this small group of writers that I have undertaken to treat. The overthrow of the Jewish Nation has given us one autobiography; declining but not yet fully annihilated paganism a second; and it is but fitting that triumphant Christianity should contribute the concluding and greatest member of the series. But am I right in calling the *Confessions* of Augustine an autobiography? The book is exactly what its name imports—it is the confessions of a sin-sick soul, a soul sick unto death, but rescued and restored by the infinite grace of God. It is a spiritual history, but one of so deep, so genuine, so affecting a character that it has become a classic familiar to many who never heard of Libanius, and to whom Josephus is but a name. A great part of it is occupied with ejaculations, with expressions of contrition and humility, of a faith and gratitude overwhelmed with awe. The last three of the thirteen books are taken up with a curious philosophy which the cursory reader will have difficulty to connect with the writer's personal experiences, though to Augustine it doubtless seemed essential to the complete founding of his faith. But the first nine books contain, scattered here and there, but in regular sequence, the main facts of his life down to his thirty-third year. The *Confessions* were written some years later than this, and the microscope of scholarship has detected certain inaccuracies of fact, doubtless unintentional. Augustine's attention was concentrated upon his spiritual experience, and here he is an unsparing revealer of himself, seeking in no wise to vindicate himself, but only to glorify God.

Towards the end of his life he wrote what, for biographical purposes, may be called a supplement to the

Confessions—a review of his literary career and his multifarious works under the title of *Retractations*. He catalogues his writings, as far as he can recall them, in chronological order, and suggests a few corrections. It is remarkable that he found so little that he would wish to alter. Of course this later work has no such general interest as the *Confessions*.

Augustine began life as did Libanius, as a student and teacher of oratory. Like Libanius, he travelled far and sojourned in foreign cities before he ultimately returned to settle in the land of his birth. From Tagaste in Numidia, where he was born, he went to Carthage, later to Rome, and finally to Milan, where he was to pass through the great religious experience that converted him from an obscure teacher of rhetoric to one of the greatest Fathers of the Christian Church. In each place he studied and taught diligently, and in this early period composed several philosophical works. For some years he was an adherent of the Manichaean sect. The dualistic philosophy, which attempts to explain the world as we find it by the assumption of two hostile and almost equally powerful principles or spirits of good and evil, perpetually at warfare, though good is destined to triumph at the end, is indeed an easy reading of the riddle of the universe—superficial, perhaps, because it is too obvious. At any rate, Augustine's soul failed to find rest there. Meanwhile, ambitious student and thinker as he was, he was leading a life of gross sinfulness. If we examine the saint's charges against himself, we shall not criticize very severely his devotion to the better things that the world had to offer, literature and philosophy, frivolous and foolish as these may have appeared to him in later days. Perhaps he is more fully justified in deploring the long and obstinate struggle against the religious influence which was always powerfully drawing him, chiefly through the love and solicitude of a devoted Christian mother. But Augustine had the grosser fault of a passionate sensuality—a fault which he has unreservedly exposed. Even after he was engaged to be married—an engagement which, by reason of his conversion, was never fulfilled—he continued to live with his mistress—not the first mistress he had had. An illegitimate son, Adeodatus—the God-given—he recognized and cherished until his early death.

At Milan, Augustine came under the influence of St. Ambrose, a man well adapted to command his respect—a man who from a high secular position had been suddenly acclaimed bishop, though not then even a priest, and who had brought to the office, not indeed clerical experience, but intellectual powers and training in practical statesmanship. Nor were religious zeal and theological skill lacking to him. Augustine's conversion ultimately followed, but only after a terrific spiritual struggle, accompanied, as it were, by a miracle of grace. The circumstances and the struggle he has described, with a natural eloquence inspired by deep emotion, in a passage too familiar to need repetition. He soon returned to his native Numidia, and a few years later was made bishop of Hippo Regius,

where the rest of his life was spent in manifold activities, administrative and literary.

Augustine died in Hippo while the city was besieged by the Vandals. Half a century later the Western Empire fell. The ancient world was slowly passing away. Whatever was immortal in its civilization and literature survived through the long obscuration of the Middle Ages, but the awakening of the modern world brought in many ways new developments, new forms, new tastes. I have reviewed the few remaining precursors of one of our favorite forms of literature—none of them, of course, belonging to the strictly classical period. The writer who should make a study of the autobiographies of modern literature would have to take into account thousands of books. As in the case of the novel and the essay, a variety of writing which has swelled to large proportions had scarcely more than its germs in the ancient world.

LEHIGH UNIVERSITY

CHARLES J. GOODWIN

REVIEWS

Chanties in Greek and Latin Written for Ancient Traditional Airs. By W. H. D. Rouse. Oxford: Basil Blackwell (1922). Pp. 86. 3 shillings.

The motto of this fascinating volume, "The labour we delight in physics pain", ranges it in the same general class as M. Salomon Reinach, *Eulalie, ou le Grec sans Larmes* (*THE CLASSICAL WEEKLY* 6.69-70), *Cornélie, ou le Latin sans Pleurs*, and *Sidonie, ou le Français sans Peine*. However, the book is in no sense an elementary manual, but rather presupposes a certain familiarity with the earlier phases of Greek and Latin study, which it aims to supplement and reinforce in a very delightful and wholly unpedantic way. In the brief Preface Dr. Rouse enunciates his theory as follows (3):

The songs in this book are an attempt to write something which the children of ancient days might have sung, and to fit them to traditional tunes. The themes are such as they could easily have understood; and it has proved that many traditional tunes give rhythms that are quite Greek and Latin, and even stanzas that metrically might have been used in a chorus of Aristophanes. The tune of "The Vicar of Bray" for example exactly suits the Aristophanic parabasis; and altogether it is wonderful how well modern tunes go.

The several benefits that have been attained by using the *Chanties* in Dr. Rouse's School are these (3-4): (1) "since the quantities are carefully observed, the learner's ear is attuned to the essential difference between quantitative and accentual rhythms"; (2) a large vocabulary is easily learned, together with various forms of a considerable number of irregular Greek verbs; (3) a firm foundation of easily remembered knowledge is laid, which is useful as a standard of comparison to which the teacher can refer what is met with in the course of reading; and (4) pleasant associations are made for the study of the Classics. This last benefit Dr. Rouse thinks the most valuable of all.

There are in the collection 36 Greek and 24 Latin *chanties* from materials drawn from many sources (4):

... Some are free translations or paraphrases, as "My Boy Willie", "John Peel", and "The Jolly Postboys"; some were expanded from a phrase or a hint, as "The Way to Athens Town" (Plutarch, *Quaest. Gr.* 35), and "Caesar's Triumph" (Suet. *Julius* 49); some came out of my own head, such as the "Ages of Man". . . . Others are adapted from ancient material, as "The Swallow Song" and "Torty-Tortoise". . . . The Greek women sang songs over the corn-mill, the harvesters sang their songs, so did farm labourers, herdsman, and others. The Kalyke is known by name, the Linos, the Ioulos, the Katabaukalesis, the Boukaliasmos (Athen. *xiv.* 618). Children went about collecting for the Korone and Chelidon (Athen. *xii.* 359), and described the doings of daily life; and I have no doubt that they sang nonsense and fancy tales. . . . If the Latin sentinel did not sing a song like mine, at least he sang something (Lucr. *v.* 1408).

Some notion of the character of the book may be gathered from some of the titles and tunes: Torty-Tortoise (Tune, Mulberry Bush); The Ages of Man (Sur le Pont d'Avignon); The Lazy Boy (Frère Jacques); The Dead Warrior (Monsieur de Malbrouk); The Snail (Pop Goes the Weasel); Aristogeiton (Le Roi d'Yvetot); The Truant (London Bridge); Caesar's Triumph (Clementine).

Unquestionably this modest little book of chancies will make many a teacher of the ancient Classics chuckle with genuine glee. For High School Classical Clubs, especially where there are Greek pupils, it will provide profitable relaxation. Moreover, a pupil who has simply learned the Greek alphabet could pick up quickly a child's knowledge of Greek, if there were given to him a literal English translation of the songs to follow as he sings them. The syntax is very simple; but the vocabulary is more extensive than at first appears.

UNION COLLEGE

GEORGE DWIGHT KELLOGG

Chanties in Greek and Latin Written for Ancient Traditional Airs. By W. H. D. Rouse. Oxford: Basil Blackwell (1922). Pp. 86. 3 shillings.

When Miss Frances E. Lord published her *Rivertutini, or the Metres of Horace Set to Music* (Ginn and Company, 1896), she had no premonition that, within twenty years, the singing of Latin songs would be regarded as a most important part of instruction in Latin. Yet this has come to pass. If we may judge from the files of THE CLASSICAL WEEKLY, the interest in Latin songs is widespread, and the number of bards much greater than we had any reason to expect. Besides such isolated pieces, there are collections, such as C. L. Brown's *Latin Songs, Classical, Medieval and Modern* (Putnam, 1914: THE CLASSICAL WEEKLY 7.208) and Professor R. C. Flickinger's small collection, *Carmina Latina* (University of Chicago Press: THE CLASSICAL WEEKLY 12.183-184), not to speak of the collections of ancient Latin Hymns by F. A. March (American Book Company, 1883), and W. A. Merrill (Sanborn, 1904), and the smaller work of Guming

(Loyola University Press, Chicago). Professor Geyser has also issued four numbers of his *Musa Americana*, of which the first two contain popular songs (Loyola University Press: THE CLASSICAL WEEKLY 12.183-184, 13.111-112, 14.53-55, 15.133-134).

There is, accordingly, no lack of material. But the vast majority of these songs labor under a distinct disadvantage: they are almost entirely accentual. This was to be expected in the case of the early hymns, for at the time they were written Latin was fast becoming more accentual than quantitative, but in our modern class-rooms the situation is different. We teachers all have it most disagreeably impressed upon our minds that, while a correct knowledge of Latin quantity lies at the basis of proper reading of Latin prose, and is absolutely essential for the easy handling of Latin verse, this knowledge is most difficult, in fact the most difficult, to impart. Now, it seems unfortunate that, after carefully drilling our pupils in the difference between short and long, we should immediately set them to singing a song in which this difference is completely ignored. It is for this reason especially that this new collection by Dr. Rouse should be warmly welcomed, as all the tunes and songs are on a strictly quantitative scheme.

The tunes are traditional, and, as Dr. Rouse justly says (Preface 3), "many traditional tunes give rhythms that are quite Greek and Latin. . .". The tunes are gathered from many sources, German, Italian, French, and English, and are probably more familiar to English children than to our own. But the songs themselves are almost entirely new, and those that are not are usually translations of old stand-byes, such as the *Vicar of Bray*. Some of them are very simple to suit what we may almost term nursery tunes, while others are quite elaborate and run to a number of verses. There are in all 36 Greek and 24 Latin songs.

I have tested the most of them with my Latin class, and they 'sing well'. In fact it is remarkable how well they do sing. This would naturally follow from their being traditional, for they have stood the test of time. Among the tunes we meet some old friends, such as the *Vicar of Bray*, *Clementine*, and *Tararabumdeay*. Others will soon become old friends.

As an example of the work, I select the elaborate piece in 10 stanzas, called *Caesar's Triumph* (73-74), and written on the basis of the account given by Suetonius, *Julius* 49. Here is the first stanza, which should be sung to the air of *Clementine*, with a very slight modification in time towards the end.

Ecce Caesar nunc triumphat qui subegit Gallias,
ecce turbam nunc reducit quae refert victoriam.

As a further example I give the first stanza and the chorus of *The Persistent Pontifex* (62-63), a version of the *Vicar of Bray*:

Ubi Romulus augebat Romam, debellabatque Sabinos,
ego pontificatum suscepi spe lucri non sine magna.
nempe haud dubie nunc edico confirmoque ore rotundo,
rex quisquis erit Romanorum me pontificem retinebit.

GONZALEZ LODGE